"THE ISLE OF THE WINDS."

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

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sinopsis of previous installments.

Sir James Stansfield of New Milns, in company with his grandson, young Philip, meets in an innhouse his son Philip and his son's paramour, Janet Mark. They quarrel—Sir James goes home taking along his grandson. That night he is murdered by his dissolute son and Janet Mark. They take his body outside and lay it on an ice-floe in the effort to fasten the crime upon other shoulders. But the boy Philip has witnessed the crime—he tells his grandfather's chief tenant, Umphray Spurway, and Spurway succeeds in having the real murderer brought to justice. He is sentenced to be hanged, and his woman accomplice to be transported. Mysteriously Philip Stansfield escapes the gallows, seeks out his wife, finds her in the company of Spurway, and tries to murder her, but does not quite succeed. She is taken away to Abercairn for cure, leaving her son, young Philip, in charge of Spurway and in the company of little Anna Mark, from her learns that in some ways girls are worth quite as much as boys. For example, in the time of the cattle droving, when Master Spurway bought his winter beast in the "Mart" Anna beats Philip in helping to cut them out. Still they are excellent friends, in the school to which they go together. John Stansfield, Philip's lawyer uncle, brings in a new teacher. Dominie Ringrose, a small man, with wonderful yeas, shortly after his coming the countryside is shocked and thrilled with a number of bloody and mysterious murders, evidently for the sake of robbery. Business calls Umphray Spurway from home. In his absence, a big packing case, purporting to be full of fine Spanish wool, is delivered to Will Bowman, Umphray's clerk, He puts it in the weaving shed. That night Philip, playing about it, sees shining through the gaize of the packing case a pair of eyes, He calls Will Bowman, who counts three, then stabe he packing case and find Dominie Ringrose in stacked by robbers, whom Ringrose had meant to let in. They are beaten off, but afterward Philip's mother refuses to let hi STROPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS. Sir James Stansfield of New Milns, in company with his grandson, young Philip, meets in an inn house his son Philip and his son's paramour

CHAPTER XXXII. THE JOLLY BOAT.

Vellow Jack had indeed more than kept his promise. He had shown us the thin crust of kindly treatment on which we were depending Why Capt Stansfield had not gone with his ship I could not then understand. I understood after ward that as the wretched white slaves were disposed of in his Majesty's plantations, and the transaction must be one of considerable publicity, it was not prudent for Capt. Stansfield to appear For, since his escape, descriptions of him had been sent across to the colonial Governments, and all Scottish ships were closely scrutinized for the condemned murderer. Also in Virginia and the Caro linas there was no Provost Gregory Partan to blind the eyes of the authorities.

But at that time I put down my father's being secretly on the island to some fell design upon my mother. I resolved, therefore, immediately to devise means of escape from the Isle of the Winds and to take my chance upon the mainland, whenever we could reach it. I thought that the distance could not be very great, at least to some of the civilized and larger islands. But I had no more exact idea of the geography than a vague remembrance of a map in the Moll's atlas which had be longed to my grandfather.

However, I resolved first to question our guide and after resting a few days I asked him again to accompany Anna and myself into the woods on pretext of gathering the ripe plums of a tall and beautiful tree which grew there. "Eborra," I said, as soon as we were without the

erty men, "must we always stay here? Is there no way to escape among Christian people?" He smiled his wistful smile.

village, and safe from the prying cars of the lib-

Christian you like better. Are not these Christian?" He pointed with bitter irony to the buccaneer village beneath us

he high woods, and walking first along the shore of the bay. I had noticed that the sailors of the Corramantee never by any chance wandered in his direction, but always took their walks south ward along the opposite curve of the crescent. We were now heading toward its northern horn. Lasked Yellow Jack the reason why the sailors

He pointed to a low bush, like the alders which grew along the Kirkconnel water at home, which overhung the path.

"That is the reason," he said, sententiously And he indicated a huge snake which lay along a branch, with its head swaying a little over and toward us. "Fer-de-lance strike at faces of those who pass beneath strike like a whiplash soand then come back to his place!"

"Let us go further out," I said, thinking of Anna, "where there is clean, yellow sand to walk on. Why run the risk of dying in a swamp by "He will never touch Eborra, nor yet Eborra's

friends," said the lad. And though it thrilled me with fear to see him he went up close and passed his hand caresingly up and down the snake's back, humming at the same time his low, continuous sorg. Anna and I shuddered to look at him, but Eborra was perfectly calm, and the huge fer-de-lance arched his ruddy back like a petted cat by the fireside, moving his head quickly to and fro before our guide's face. "He Obeah, I Obeah!" said Yellow Jack, and

with a farewell caress, he came on with us once more through the scrubby undergrowth. were soon forcing our way with cutlass and knife through the tangle toward the northern horn. Here, at some former time, the whole face of the cliff had fallen down in a vast tumbled confusion, thousands of huge blocks being piled indiscrim nately over each other, and these, seen from the sea, were full of black holes, overgrown with tasseled creepers and prickly pear- the haunt. so the sailormen said, of wild animals and deadly

Into this tangle Yellow Jack led us by a path which had obviously been trodden more than once before, as confidently as a man will walk up to his own front door.

"Do not fear," he said; "I will show you how

to escape fom these Christians." So, greatly heartened by his promise, we followed. Anna as usual leading the way, and the guide putting the creepers aside from before the girl's face by holding them in the hook at the end of his right arm till she had passed. I had to attend to myself.

The huge down-throw of rock, heaped above in fantastic masses, was a very rabbit warren below, through whose tunnels Eborra threaded his way-gliding under this block and clamber ing over the next. We followed down a long, gloomy passage, and over a miniature moun tain pass. Then, ducking low again till we emerged safely on the loveliest little sheltered bay, a very harbor in miniature, completely sheltered from all sight of the sea and defenced

on the land side from the buccaneer's village. Anna clapped her hands at the sight, and cried out with pleasure at the lovely sand and shells on the shore. The shells were not broken to pieces as on the beach in front of the village, by the as on the beach in Iront of the village, by the force of the waves, but every tiny, turret-like form perfect to its last whorl. Some were marked like staircases, with steps of alternate yellow and red. Anna bent and gathered handfuls and finally lapfuls of these, murmuring all the while with a kind of tenderness, "Ah, that I had you home with me at the Miln house, how happy I should be."

I should be!"
And this was all sole complaint I heard her make all the time she was on the island.
In one corner of this fairy paradise, and sheltered from the wash of any seas by the great jutting nose of the North Horn, a ship's jobly boat rode at anchor close to a little natural pier, as taut and trim as if the Indianman's crew had just left her.

just left her.

I ran to her and found that she was both well-kepta nd well-found, having ears commodiously backed under a protecting awning, a short-sock-

eted syar for hoisting a sali, and all the necessary conveniences for making a voyage of some length. A chain of stout links of iron connected her stem with the anchor of the bottom of the little harbor. "We must set sail at once, before the ship comes back:" I cried eagerly, "Where did you get the boat, and why have you not escaped long ago?"

For the marvel of possessing such a treasure, and yet remaining in a position of slavery, troubled me.

me.

But Yellow Jack held up his handless arm, and said reproachfully, without answering my first question, "This is the reason, sir, also whom would Eborra trust except his weak old mother? And wither would he go, when there—there—and there" (pointing south, north and east) "are slaves, slaves—only slaves."

Then he guided us to a small hut built of driftwood and thatched with broad palmetto leaves, which stood unseen in a charming recess of the rocks.

which stood unseen in a charming recess of the rocks.

"Eborra's house!" he explained, with a proud and satisfied look. And here, upon blocks of wood rudely shaped as stools, we sat and ate bananas and strange fruits which our guide had brought with him, while almost at our feet the wavelets hissed crisply along the beach of bright shells and golden sand.

The half-caste stood silent before us a long time before he spoke.

"You Eborra's friends," he said. "You not lke the others. Suppose Eborra shows you how to escape, you never sell him into slavery.

Never let cruel white man whip his mother—because she is a witch!"

"You Eborra's friends," he said. "You not like the others. Suppose Eborra shows you how to escape, you never sell him into slavery. Never let cruel white man whip his mother—because she is a witch."

I could tell him that still in my own country poor old women like his mother were condemned for witchcraft, and that, not so long ago, one had been burned with all circumstances of civil and ecclesiastical pomp upon the borough moor of Abercain itself.

On the contrary. Anna promised that if we were delivered and restored to our own country, he should be rewarded and cared for, and his mother, also. He turned on he a look of dog-like gratitude, and, taking her hand, he set it on his head." Eborra your slave!" he said gratefully.

Then, in fragmentary, but easily understood, sentences, he told us that, if we did endeavor to escape, we must go northward, that a chain of islands connected us with the larger settlements of Puerto Rico and Jamaica, where we would find governments, and ships in which to return to our native land. But he warned us that the voyage would prove a long and daagerous one. Moreover, the jollyboat would go so slow that if the Corromantee chanced to return about the time of our escape we should be instantly captured.

Still, here was a hope, a possibility, and, according to my fashion. I began instantly to build upon it. In five minutes I had us all back in imagination at New Milms, my uncle John detironed, the Prince come to his own. And the Princess—But Yellow Jack broke in remarselessly upon the beauty of my vision. "To night or to-morrow at latest the Corromantee will return. We must wait till they lay her ashore to careen her. We need many things for the voyage. We must find casks for water and bring them hither; we must take dired tongues, smoked beef—"How can we get these?" interrupted Anna, "unless we steal? We cannot buy them."

Yellow Jack booked at her in astonishment. "It is no sin to steal from the thief," he said. "They out off Eborra's hand. Eborra take his boot to help him to get

Then out of this intenser silence from the forest Then out of this intenser silence from the forest edges, where the high woods stood up like a black rampart wall, there would come a sudden terrible scream, or laughter equally hideous—some bird seized by a serpent, or perchance only a howling monkey playing be peep with his kind.

An hour afterward, as we entered the village with our hastily seized bunches of grapes and satchels of wild plums, we attracted no attention, something absorbing in interest had happened. The whole population stood at gaze, and even my mother was on the balcony of her house, looking out to sea as eagerly as any. Two ships had been sighted, one with three and the other with two masts. They were heading directly for the island. And I knew not whether Yellow Jack's mother was a witch, or whether our guide

Jack's mother was a witch, or whether our guilde owed his revision to some superior eyesight.

CHAPTER XXXIII JIM PEMBURY MAKES A MISTAKE

But at any rate we had now something definite to do. The jollyboat must be provisioned. Will Bowman must be enlisted, a watch kept upon the

He smiled his wistful smile.

"Already you are tired of poor Obeah man? bristian you like better. Are not these Christian." depointed with bitter irony to the buccaneer sillage beneath us.

"Nay, Eborra," I said: "we are not tired of you." And Anna chimed in, "Nay, truly! You are he only friend we have on this accursed island." And our quick speech pleased him no little. On this occasion we kept to the right, skirting the high woods, and walking first along the shore and then among the easier herbage on the margin of the bay. I had noticed that the sailors of the orramantee never by any chance wandered in little discussion but always took their walks sould see the subject of the ships to pass the intricate and dangerous passage of the reefs before the morning. But I do not think that in the buccaneer village there were many shut their eyes that night. A continual hum of voices came too urears, and as we went cautiously along the shore, the acrid smell of tobacco, or the red glow from a lop-sided pipe bowl told where the liberty men were discussing the chances of a new capture. Anna and I stole near a group of them that we might listen to their talk. That also might prove useful, or so we told each other. For with the throwing overboard of one convention many others go.

useful, or so we told each other. For with the throwing overboard of one convention many others go.

But we were bound to escape, and must not stand upon a scruple. We had resolved to suspend the commandment we had learned. "Thou shalt not steal." And so the unwritten addition, 'Thou shalt not steal." And so the unwritten addition, 'Thou shalt not eavestrop, 'could be of no more binding interpretation for us.

"Tell ye what,' said one man, whom I recognized by his accent as Rodney Pax, a red-bearded burly man, and a great favorite on account of his good humer; "If yonder boat's a three master, I'm glad I was not aboard o' the Corromantee when she was took. Fightin' I am with you in, but walkin' the plank blindfold! That's what gets me, Jim' I can hear them scream as they hit the water!"

It was Jim Pembury who replied, a lean, lanky, gipsy like fellow with a nose broken in combat.

"For me," he said, between quick puffs of his pipe, "I see no two ways. Either die old in the ditch or run your chance of dying young on the scaffold. I do not hold with this cant of mercy. If we are brethern of the Coast, brethren let us be. I don't hold with bringing white women here with a palace for them to live in, and that boy and girl running peering everywhere. No good comes o'that, as I see!"

"One's captain's son—t'other's supercargo's daughter! That's why!" said another out of the

o'that, as I see!"
"One's captain's son—t'other's supercargo's
daughter! That's why!" said another out of the P'raps they'll make it up and start a new crew!'

darkness.

"Praps they'll make it up and start a new crew!"
chuckled another.

"First we know." continued Jim Pembury,
"this island will get blowed on, and we'll hear
the blessed Magistrate a tellin" us that we had
better get ready to be hanged by the neck till
we be dead. And the Lord have—"
"Stow that, Jim," said Rodney Pax quickly.
"no good ever comes o' takin' them words in vain."
"Rodney's turning soft, I guess, like Captain
and old Saull" said Jim Pembury.
"Dare you say as much to either o' them you've
named, Jim?" retorted Rodney. "Tony Drake
an' me'ill come along and bring home the pieces
in a fo'c'sle sack, if you do!"
"If you think I'm a feared o' either Captain
or any gipsy tinker that breathes, you're mistaken," said Pembury. "I'm as good they
is, and better. I didn't kill my father when he
was asleep."

taken." Said Pembury. "Im as good they is, and better. I didn't kill my father when he was asleep."

Something passed us quickly, a tall figure, dark against the sky, as Anna and I cowered lower behind the hedge of prickly-pear.

"Stand up, Jim Pembury." I heard the voice of Capt. Stansfield, very clear and yet not loud. "You never killed your father, did you not? Well, you have a chance to kill a better man now. Stand up and fight for your life! I might have you have spoken. If I gave the order, is there a man would say me nay? But I give you a chance, which is more than he deserves. Has he his knife, men? Get over the hedge, the rest of you. I will fight him in the dark who slanders in the dark. Are you ready. Pembery? Step out." But the man did not reply. "ready he had dropped to the ground, and from where he crouched we could see him creeping around the shelter of the hedge with the intent to strike the first blow. It was a terrible moment. We were on the same side of the hedge, and he was crawling so closely that he could scarcely avoid touching either of us. Yet the prickly pear hedge was full of keen spines, and it was impossible either to overleap it or to push through. So, though I suffered intense pain from the pricking, I pressed my back against the fleshy leaves and drew Anna down upon my knees, just as Jim Pembury came creeping softly round. He was so close in that I thought he could not possibly escape seeing us. But he had eyes only for my father, who had never moved since he had spoken. I could see him still, black against the sky, making a blank among the stars.

Eyery moment I expected to feel the knife,

had never moved since he had spoken. I could see him still, black against the sky, making a blank among the stars.

Every moment I expected to feel the knife, and I wondered if it could hurt much more than the needles which were piercing into my back and side. But, just as Pembury crouched for the rish, I felt something strike my foot. The crouching man stumbled and fell forward upon the stones and shingle, with an oath and a ring of iron as his knife went clattering out of his hands. The dark figure of Capt. Stansfield vanished too quickly for our eyes to see what happened next. We also heard the sound of two heavy blows stricken in quick succession, a dull groan like that of a pole-axed ox, and then between us and the sky we saw the dark, tall figure of the captain. He was wiping his knife delicately, even as I had seen him do once before in the Blue Room at New Milns.

Then a hand fell on the collar of my shirt, and I was lifted to my feet. Anna still in my arms.

"What is this" said my father's voice. "More traitorous knaves? What! my son Philip night-lurking here among the hedges?"

"He fell over my foot, sir" I stammered, without thinking what I had said.

"Aha, son Philip! then I owe you that which

I shall not forget! But now escort this young lady to your mother's house, and go you to bed. This is neither time nor place for either of you to be abroad."

So Anna and I walked back to my mother's house, and found her sitting at her stocking with an open fibble before her. She knitted steadily and as if her fingers could not stop. But though she looked at the book, I do not think she read much.

"You are too late out, Philip and Anna!" she said, as if we had been playing about the Yett house at hi-spy or marbles. "It is altogether unseemit." So for once n their lives my father and my

nother were agreed upon a question CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CORRAMANTEE'S PRIZE

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CORHAMANTEE'S PRIZE.

Our friend Yelle w Jack always said that Capt. Stansfield was not by any means the worst of white men; and qualified praise seemed to be the sense of all we could gather from the other slaves upon the island. Indeed, my father's own "boy," a fat rascal named Jacob, was looked upon by all as a very fortunate person, and was constantly in demand at every negro dance and obeah festival on account of his supposed influence with his master.

Strangely, of late, I also had begun to doubt the evidence of my senses, and to wonder if, indeed, what I had seen and heard in the blue room of New Mins could have been real. But now, and for some time afterward. I had soon other things upon my mind than speculation as to the particular tinge of red upon my father's hands. At the best their purity was by no means virgin.

In the morning the ships were in the bay. They proved to be the Corramantee and another tall vessel of three masts, full rigged and capable of containing twice the number of men which manned the hermaphrodite schooner. But though there were blanks in the muster-roll, and the second mate would never more bid a man wash his socks on board any earthly ship, there were no new faces; and it was obvious that the task of bringing the ships into port had been a difficult one. But now the liberty men swarmed on board, and in a trice the boats were going merrily to and fro between the ships and the beach, conveying provisions and plunder of all sorts. Saul Mark stood at the landing place and examined every boatload, to all appearance occupied in separating what was kept for future disposal

Saul Mark stood at the landing place and examined every boatload, to all appearance occupied in separating what was kept for future disposal from those articles to be divided immediately.

All provisions and munitions of war were sent to a common store. But, on the other hand, the men were allowed to keep small articles of private loot, such as watches and jewelry. (Where were the poor souls who had worn these?) Several wounded buccaneers sat about the shore, talking in low tones to their women, and saying a word occasionally to their companions as they went tovially by. Yet all was done in so matter of fact and cheerful a way that I could not bring myself to believe that red slaughter had been done on the high seas, or that these men, who so cheerfully would give a neighbor a helping shoulder beneath his burden or cast sportive arms about the waists of two giggling yellow

shoulder beneath his burden or cast sportive arms about the waists of two giggling yellow girls, could be the bloody pirates and micrierers the dead Pembury had represented them to be. As usual, Capt Stansfield stood apart, neither associating with officers nor with men, but watching with keen eyes that every one did his duty. The task of discharging the captured ship occupied a full week of wondrously hot weather. The men worked stripped most of them to their trousers, while others went about with nothing more upon the than a breech clout. The seat was smooth as a mill pond (Ah' that I could have seen Umphray Spurway's') all the time, and the boats went regularly out, and came as regularly in. I desired greatly to visit the captured ly in. I desired greatly to visit the captured ship, but I think that I might have succeeded in hiding in some of the boats, for the men were cheerful and good-humored beyond their wont, partly with the rum that had been freely served. partly with the rum that had been freely served, and partly with the prospect of the large dividend which each expected at the close of the discharge. But, just as the boat in which I was hidden started. Anna Mark came running down to the shore crying. "Take me, too!" For she had been delayed at some task for my mother, which liked her little, because it kept her within doors.

As soon as her father heard Anna cail, he bade the men cease from rowing.

"Who is that in the bow of the boat?" he said.

And when they told him. "Send the lad ashore!" he cried, "the ship is no place for him."

Whereupon I told him that I had not wished to go aboard, but only went for the pleasure of the sail.

But he looked as if he had hard work to be But he looked as if he had hard work to be lieve me, and made me disembark. Then came my father by, and I saluted him, as I saw others do, making bold to ask him if I could not go out with one of the boats to the ship. He shook his head and passed on without speaking.

Yet Capt. Stansheld had not gone far before he turned and said: "You can go to my quarters and get my telescope. You may visit the ship through that."

I was overjoyed; and Anna and I started to get the glass at once.

get the glass at once.

Now, I had never been in the house where my father abode, and I would not at this time have been able to make my way within had not lazy Jacob been out lounging upon the wall beneath keeping all the while his eyes upon this master, so that upon his return he might be found busily appared at his own proper work.

engaged at his own proper work.

The great brass perspective glass was not in the little room, where the debris of my father's break-

f my father's couch in such a position that it must have been the first object upon which his syes lighted when he awoke. This I could not understand, and I called in Anna to my assist-

ance.

But the matter presented no difficulties to her.

"He must love her in spite of all," she said, with a true woman's belief in the eternity of love.

And from this she could not be driven, say what I would to shake her.

"He tried to kill her," I reminded her.

"For all you know," she retorted, "he may have aimed at some one else, and shot his wife by accident."

almed at some one eise, and shot his whe by accident."

"He was cruel to my mother, and left her for another," I said next.

"Well, he may be sorry now," she said. "His heart may have turned."

"His heart turned!" said I, mockingly; "after what we heard and saw last night!"

"Jim Pembury tried to kill him," said Anna, anickly.

uickly.
"Why Anna," I cried, "what makes you defend

him? I cannot understand it."
"There is no great reason why you should,"
she responded, acridly. "Get the telescope, and Me out."
At last I found the perspective glass in a cup-

oard, where were many old suits of clothes, nd cutlesses, both naked and hung up in their heaths. I took it under my arm and came out, dy father still stood on the beach all alone and

sheaths. I took it under my arm and came out.

My father still stood on the beach all alone and
looked out to sea.

Anna and I found a commodious place of refuge
on the cliff edge, and, after examining the crevices
of the rock for green scorpions and red ants, we
laid us down and took turn and turn about at
watching the ships with great delight. As the
tide began to run inward the prize swung to her
anchor, and I hoped at least to make out her name
and destination. But in this I was disappointed,
for the lettering had been carefully effaced; and
I was not sailor enough to guess from her ringing
and equipment anything even of her nationality.
The men of the Corramantee were now taking out
of her such large articles as spars spars, coils of
rope, and bales of sailcloth. The former they
pitched overboard, to be drawn ashore; the latter
they lowered into boats, all working with a will
and as merrily as innocent harvest folk singing
among the corn stooks in the braces of Moreham.

All that day Anna and I watched the work on
shipboard, and marvelled at the celenty with which
everything was cleared away. A little before
dusk I took back the telescope and gave it into
the hands of Jacob, who was now running about
preparing his master's dinner with immense
bustle and show of alacrity.

It was about 10 o'clock that I saw the beginnings
of a wondrous sight. The ship, which had been
dismantled, was towed to the entrance of the chan
nel, and set on fire outside of the back in the chan
nel, and set on fire outside of the back and and
throw up pebbles of the beach at her window
the fiery sheets were already licking the crosstress
and the spidery tracery of her tackling stood out
against the lurid background of smoke and flame.

I have never set foot on any vessel since without
thinking of the terrible penil of fire at sea. In ten
minutes the fire burned through the thick plenking
of her sides. The ribs still showed black and sold,
like those of some skeleton in hell fire yet uncon
sumed. She took ground on a reef, and canted

the air.
I looked at Anna as she stood in her window, I looked at Anna as she stood in her window, and saw her face crimsoned with the fiery glow. "What think you now" I said. "Does a pict ure over a bed make up for these! things:" She had her answer ready. "Your Bible says, if I read it right, 'Honor thy father and thy mother". That was all she said. She did not even reach down her hand to bid me good-night, but shut the window and went back to bed.

CHAPTER XXXV.

DOG EAT DOG.

Nevertheless, I did not forget Yellow Jack's advice, that if we wished to leave the island we must well provision the jollyboat and prepare for a cruise of some length. On the beach that night I managed to find a firkin of butter, which, all unseen. I rolled to a snug place beyond the village. The half-caste also was on the bokout, and between us we secured some smoked hans, sufficient to serve for several weeks, so that the question of food did not any more trouble us. All we wanted was sufficient water casks to escape the greatest danger of all voyages in open boats—death by thirst.

It was three nights before we could find, and

It was three nights before we could find, and It was three nights before we could find, and quite a week ere we could appropriate without suspicion, a small but beautifully coopered barrel which had contained some rare liquer. I do not know whether or not it had been empited before coming into the hands of our buccaneers, but I do know that all the time we kept water in it the taste which it communicated to the vapid, lukewarm brew was exceedingly heartsome and pleasant.

Anna and I had spoken to my mother about our projects of escape, and I had soon to realize that one of our chief difficulties would be with her. I think that anxiety and mental terror had brought

about a certain relapse into indifference and And indeed, at this time my mother appeared

apathy.

And indeed, at this time my mother appeared to be less herself than I have ever seen her.

"Why escape at all," she said. "Do you know where you will arrive at?—most likely among cannibals. And this is indeed very quiet and peaceful. We have what we want to eat. If you are troubled outside, Philip, or if your house is not comfortable, come and stay here with Anna and me. You can have Anna's room, and she shall bring her bed in here beside me."

So we resolved to say no more to her for the present, and when necessity arose to get her to accompany us to the boat upon a pretext. With this in view it became our custom to call her out in the evening and sometimes in the morning also, in order that she might get accustomed to walking with us. At first the astonished faces and ill-concealed admiration of the men on shore, and yet more the curiosity of the black women who flocked about making very audible remarks almost made her turn back. But gradually she became accustomed to go withus, and after a while she began to like these little excursions, which broke the monotony of her day. Yellow Jack, too, and his hook were at first distasteful, but gradually she became as fond of him as we were I think, however, she never trusted or liked his mother, whom the sailors called Witch Sally She averred that the negress was very like a certain ancient Sarah Grisby, who in the sunny meadows about Cheveden had cast the glamor upon herself "and one other," as she said. Which made us judge that the "one other" must have been that young Master Will Lucy, Squire's Master Will, of whom Caleb Clinkaberry had spoken, which thought took me back vividly to those terrible days after my mother's hurt, and I wondered whether Caleb still abode at the Yett house by the gate of New Milns, and, as he promised, kept the nest warm for our homeroming.

Anything served for a pretext for these walks, which, however, never led us very far from the settlement. We wished also to accustom the laced in their own conduct, might not have shown the same leniency toward the escapades of their children.

My mother was of about the same height as Anna, and if she could be kept from speech might very well pass for her. So with this plan to rehearse, Will went back into the pleasant and quiet room where my mother sat calmly at her knitting. At first she would not listen to a word.

What' would she put on a child's cap and cloak? She might be in danger, but, thank God' she had garments of her own, which she could wear without being beholden to any. Besides, what would she wear afterward? If they should meet any one who knew her in the plantations it was not Anna Mark's cap and cloak that she would care to appear in. The shame would cause her to sink into the ground.

But Will reassured her by offereng to smuggle anything she wished out for her. She went to sink into the ground.

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But will reassured her by offereng to smuggle anything she wished to restrict herself to a cloak with a hood, a warm under kirtle, and a light muslin gown, which she selected from the vast store of women's clothes which Capt. Stansfield had put at her disposal. Anna's only baggage was a store of white kerchiefs.

It was curious how little thought my mother gave herself about some matters. But then she had always expected to be provided for, and took all gifts as her due, having been an only child and (save in the matter of marriage) allowed her own way all her life. As for Anna Mark, she would not have touched a bonnet string in all the pirate's hoard with a vair of tongs.

But my mother

Anything served for a pretext for these waises, which, however, never led us very far from the settlement. We wished also to accustom the liberty men and the bucaneers on shore to the sight of my mother wandering about in our company. But, remembering the guard which had been set at either end of the hut, I could never feel that we were truly alone, though I could never catch any one in the act of following us. It was a long while before we got any opportunity of carrying out our plans of escape, and indeed it was chance, and not any deep laid plan, which ultimately gave us our liberty, or at least

which ultimately gave us our liberty, or at I delivered us from our forced detention on the of the Winds. of the Winds.

But, curlously enough, it was Will Bowman who set all my mother's scruples at rest. She had always a great regard for Will. She never really liked Anna Mark, for reasons which have been indicated. But Will Bowman she looked up to as in some ways the representative of Umphray Spurway, whose will she had (save in one case) always submitted to without a murmur. Me, indeed, she loved entirely, but thought of me as no better than a boy and infirm of purpose, wherein she was completely wrong. Yet she was the property of the concerned. as no better than a boy and mann of the wherein she was completely wrong. Yet she 'gaed her ain gait,' so far as I was concerned, and would have neither doctrine nor reproof from

But Will she trusted, and after a while con-But Will she trusted, and after a white consulted as to many things.

Now Will, being a friendly, active fellow and excellent with tools, worked with great acceptance in the carpenter's shop. He had a natural eye for a boat, and was of great use to the men there, who worked well enough by rule of thumb, but had had no heads for drawing a plen or laying out a lob.

true word about the late prize, and it lightene my heart greatly to know that the ship was n

my heart greatly to know that the ship was no quiet merchantman, but an armed vessel like our own. The Corramantee, indeed, had at first only defended herself, but after coming to close quarters the larger and stronger ship had been carried by the resolution of our men led by the fair haired Scot from Tillicoultry.

But Will brought other news as well. It was not often that the men talked before him about any of their communal or privateering subjects. But one day, while he was in the ship fitting up some shelves, he heard a couple of them talking together through a thin partition. They raised their voices to make themselves heard, and the subject of their converse reached Will Bowman with equal ease through another builkhead.

From them we learned that the captured ship was one of three or four which had been sent out to raid the Central American towns and that her consorts were expected to try for revenge upon

to raid the Central American towns and that her consorts were expected to try for revenge upon the isle of the Winds.

"I'm no feared o' ony consorts,' said Job Bone, the carpenter, a Scot from Galloway. "There's no a man able to pilot a ship through the channels to the anchorage o' the isle o' the Winds except Blackie wi' the Silver Wings!"

For so they called Saul Mark, whom at the same time they hated and admired.

"Nay, Job." quoth Dick Okell, a Lancashire man, "thou art a tare one for believin'! What's to hinder them to land over there, and coom across to take us wheer a Scotch flea bites—in the back! Ha! ha!—crack that bone, will tha!"

to take us wheer a Scotch flea bites—in the back' Ha' ha'—crack that bone, wilt tha'"
"That I wull," cried the Galloway man. "First, then, they winna land ower there because the surf wad ding their bit boaties to flinders, secondly, they canna mairch across, because they could na get through the woods, and, thirdly, they winna be able to get their course to the isle. We're hidden in the secret places o' the sea, man—an the Almichty himsel' wad hae a sair job to lay his finger on us."

The great brass perspective glass was not in the little room, where the debris of my father's break fast was not yet cleared away from the table by that good-for nothing Jacob. The walls were hung round with swords, pistols, muskets and other material of war, but nothing of the nature of a spy glass could I descern

Accordingly I pushed my way into my father's sleeping room. The bed was narrow and plain as a cabin bunk, the room wholly without ornament, save that, to my great surprise, I found the picture of my mother which I mphray Spurway had had painted. It hung on the wall at the foot of my father's couch in such a position that it planking. He rose and followed quietness, shouldering his straw sack of tools as if he had finished his job.

as if he had finished his job.

He found everything in confusion on board.

Men were clambering up the shrouds and getting
to the highest points of the masts which could be
reached, in order to obtain a view.

Thow many may there be o' them?" cried Dick
Okell to Job Hone, who had obtained a higher post

reached, in order to obtain a view.

"How many may there be o' them" cried Dick Okell to Job Hone, who had obtained a higher post of observation.

"There is three o' them—big boats and pilin' up fast wi the trade wind" cried Job.

"Faith!" returned Okell, "yo' might 'a been wrong, owd bird, but I wur noan in sich a hangment o' a hurry to have it proved!"

Signals were being freely exchanged with the shore, and in a few minutes Capt. Stansfield and Saul Mark came on board with the full crew of the Corramantee. Saul at once noticed Will Bowman, and ordered him ashore. But my father said, "Let the lad stay till we have brought the ship as near as the entrance of the reef as is safe. Then he can go ashore in the last boat."

And as nobody questioned his will, so it was arranged. Whereupon who more helpful than Will' at the getting up of the anchor, at the towing of the Corramantee by her boats. Will was one of themselves, while all the time he had his ears open to the free and excited talk that went on about them. He heard that their shief enemy was a certain Capt. Keys, who had been wounded on one occasion in a duel at the Dry Tortugas by Capt. Stansfield, and had sworn revenge. Capt. Keys, as they phrased it, had "played booty," and in some way arranged matters with the colonial governments that he was under protection of authority, though as rank a pirate as stirred a keel through the Spanish main.

His position gave him a great ascendancy over the other buccaneers, and so when the Corramantee captured one of the ships of his "fail" he had sworn revenge. There was not the slightest doubt that the three vessels in the offing were those commanded by Capt. Keys, and that he had come to avenge the taking of our late prize.

Nothing was now heard save anathemas upon one who having been a brother of the coast, had been guilty of discovering a refuge isle to the enemy, and even of taking service under a government. If the vessels had been his Majesty's ships of the line, it would have been quite fair.

This twas their

Cant keys was quite a different matter.

Will Bowman came ashore about four in the afternoon. By this time the Corramantee was stripped for fighting, and the guns were trained on the narrows of the passage which were within easy range. Capt. Stansfield had resolved to let the ships come on without opposition till they were well within the grasp of the reefs, knowing that there was no turning about among these intricate channels and dangerous knife edges of sunken reef.

But the enemy, who were now close in to the island, had evidently no intention of coming further at present, but contented himself with firing a shot from his flagship at the Corramantee, which fell far short, skipping among the outer reef bars like a flat stone sent edgewise from the hand.

teef bars like a flat stone sent edgewise from the hand.

Of this direct challenge Capt. Stansfield took no notice, but grimly awaited any development of the attack upon his stronghold.

When Will came on shore he found Yellow Jack and his mother waiting for him in great excitement. "The time had come," Eborra de clared. Never would there be better chance. All the buccaneers were busy, and the attack upon the island would keep them on the alert for several days. For it was certain that so large a force would not abandon its purpose without making an attempt in some quarter.

Anna and I were, of course, ready for anything. But my mother was more difficult. Will Howman went to break the news to her, and before he went he asked me if I though the might say that Umphray Spurway would assuredly be fitting out a ship to seek for us in the plantations, and that we would be sure to meet him there.

As the matter was urgent, and a lie in a good cause has, after all, something to say for itself. I thought that he might besides, it was not exactly a lie, for there was no doubt that Umphray Spurway, if he had escaped, would most certainly do what he could to find us.

So Will Bowman departed, and after an absence of more than an hour returned with the joyful intelligence that my mother would come with us gladly, if she was not required to sit beside the witch woman, who reminded her so of Goody Grisby, the witch woman in the bows without altering that we could stow away the light weight of the old negro woman in the bows without altering the trim too much.

But as a more imminent peril Will reported that the guards were still set over my mother's house, being two liberty men who had not gone aboard with the crew of the Corramantee, having been slightly wounded in the last encounter. This was a difficulty indeed, for my mother, being delicate of body and timid of spirit, could not make a dart for it, as any of the rest of us might have done. Besdes, she was liable at any second to the last and any content to ston short for hand.
Of this direct challenge Capt. Stansfield took to prevent crediters from collecting anny money that is owed.

"But would be fine," added Sinkers. "Den I vould tell der gas mans to shee her staits down on his head."

"But suppose you were the gas man an' kem 'round to collect from me," remarked Reilly. I'd be it and you'd be them. You'd be the creditors."

"Pot vould be a bad law," said Sinkers, "t an't you make up yet one nicer!"

"Yes," replied Reilly. "What's the matter wid An Act to Protect Navigation on the Bowery."

That's what we nade. It 'ud read somethin like this. It shall be the duty aveach and ivery Superintendentary Police, Police Captain, Sergeant, Roundsman, Patrolman, Sheriff, Deputy Sheriff, or anny other person having charge av the enforcement av th' law, to promptly advise anty an' all sailors or persons who, after having made schooner anchors, do or may lose their longitude or latitude on the Bowery, or in anny way meet wid rocks, or may or have been londed to the deck wid anny liquid refrishment, it will be th' duty of the afooresaid police to advise, guide an' steer said loaded vessels out avail threatened danger, and av all matters thought to demand attention, and to regularly report to said freight carriers all lampposts, telegraph poles, open doorways, slippery sidewalks and other things along the staggering line. Said policement shall cooperate, as far as possible, practicable and appropriate, wid th' aforesaid jags, with a view to rendering any service that may be demanded. Anny officer of police who interferes in anny way way with anny av the aforesaid rast, excepting to render assistance; or who tries schemes or attempts to steer such craft toward the danger buoy av a police station green light shall be liable to a fine av wan month's pay, or on second offence be dismissed from the fooree."

"How lovely." exclaimed Sinkers. "I vould push my elbow in polices' ribs every night two times. Vhy not ve get yet some freight on now."

"To your longshoreman," said Reilly. "Well get Red Jerry th' bartinder to sign th' bill av laden." At mi

not make a dart for it, as any of the rest of us might have done. Besides, she was liable at any moment to stop short for the purpose of explaining to us why she could not go any faster, and in her English fashion to ask our pardon for it—which, though pretty enough to hear, would prove exceedingly fatal to our project.

But a plan came into my head which I mentioned to Will and Anna, who thought that it might be worked. This was to keep Anna out in the woods where she was, my mother to dress in Anna's hooded mantle, in which she had often descended from the window at night to wander the beach with me. The sentinels were quite accustomed to this. Indeed, it had become a jest among them, and they had enough of good humor to keep the matter carefully from our respective fathers, who though hardly straightlaced in their own conduct, might not have shown the same leniency toward the escapades of their children.

My mother was of about the same height as

The Central Park Magician Undertook to Help Sam Ormiston in His Attempts to Cure Holiday, and Some Very Queer Things Happened in Consequence of Their Combined Efforts.

Copyright, 1900, by Charles Batteli Loomis, Jack Holiday was a great exaggerator. He ould never hear any remarkable statement with out telling of an experience of his own or of his

father or brother that was even more remarkable. If Harrison Morgan said that his father had een on a train that went sixty miles an hour for nearly two hours: "Pooh, that's nothin", Jack would say. "My father owned a train once that would go seventy miles an hour all day long." "Oh, get out," some one would say. "That would wear an engine out and the engineer would get tired to death."

"Why, you silly, of course my father had th strongest engine in the world, and the tender was all filled with engineers. When one got tired another would take his place."

Or maybe Sam Ormiston would tell of his brother. who went up in the Maine woods and caught ten trout in a half-hour. "Pooh, that ain't any fishin'," Jack would say. "My uncle Tim used to catch trout so fast that he had to hire two boys to take em off the line, and all he did was to throw the hook into the water. No bait, nor nothin'.

To be Continued.

SINKERS HEARS OF LEGISLATION

And Saranavilla Roilly Suggests a New

Law of Which There Is Real Need.

an' me great grandfather afore him. The Reillys

the great and glorious warrior, 3 sdh Finn!

old force, or being hasty, furious an' flerce'

were the original descindents av the King av

"Well, I know what I'm talkin' about " continued

Mebbe ve von't had no more boxfights," said

dot der Senatorial up by Saratoga vill outen der

boxfight law from the law book. Dev got yet

much and plenty new laws up dere. Yesterda;

night my vife said ve vould had a new law for

"No, batpins!" said Sinkers. "I vould say dot

s der most condemning unprotection dot der

Ye'll be breaking yer dining room furnitur

"My vhat?"
"Your ivories! Then ye'll have a dentist's

ain't fish."
"I understan'," continued Sinkers, "dot ve got

hearing persons to barrot. There, Sinkers, a have it all.

I vant not anyting to do mit dot law," said pe Sinker Man. "I vant some nice life law vhat all make us feel fine. Vhy not make a law to ake der savings banks give out money to poor

t is owed Det vould be fine," added Sinkers "Det

new law to stop stabbing und murder

hat pins for vomens tree inches high."

peoples of our State ever expostuate."

wid thim words if ye don't stop," said Reilly

"Women three inches high"

Reilly: "in thim ancient days th' name was Raghal

laigh. That means impetuous, sich as rushin

said Sarsaparilla.

on him's name, too. Vhat?"

Vait, you make me dizzy.

"Like a boxfighter"

"Yes, like a prizefighter."

Well, as some of you know, it is very irritating "Reillyheimer! Reillyheimer!" shouted the to have anything to do with a person who is al sinker Man when Sarsaparilla Reilly went into ways telling stories that are not true. You would the little restaurant. "Reillystein! Reillyhelmer. have grown ured of my stories long ago if you had not been sure that every word was as true "Look here, Sinkers, I'il break your Dootch as any fairy story that was ever told, but these face for you, if you insult th' name av Reilly, friends of Jack knew that he was just making up. 'Casey told me to make for you such a German and when they had told stories that they expected would astonish the rest of their companions and oke," replied the Sinker Man, "Ve make fun that miserable Jack had something more wonder "I don't care what ye do to him, but ye musin't ful to spring right on top of them, it vexed them play tag wid Reilly," said Sarsaparilla. "That's | exceedingly, and they determined to stop it. th' name me father bore an' me father's father

All these boys lived in New York, up near Central Park or Prospect or some park, maybe it was Carroll Park. I live in the country, so I can't Spain who descinded from the King of Connaught. be sure of city localities but it was near some park where they have animals and an obelisk.

One day the boys were looking at these animals. There were lions and crows and tigers and sheep and hippopotamuses and sparrows and rhinos ceroses and mice and elephants and canaries and all sorts of beasts that strike terror when they are loose. If you don't believe they strike terror just put a lion into a schoolroom and see the boys run, or put a cat into a mouse trap and hear the e Sinker Man. "It stands in der newspaper mouse squeal, or put a mouse into a sewing circle and hear the women scream, or a sparrow into a canary's cage and hear the canary beg to be let out.

Now, one of the keepers in this menagerie is an Asiatic of some kind and he is generally supposed to be a magician. Some people say that his great-great great-great great-great great great grandfather was Aladdin. I don't believe it myself, but at any rate the boys had heard that he possessed magic powers, and they thought it would be an excellent plan to get him to cure Jack of his exaggerating.

They stopped in front of the lion's cage and Sam said: "My father saw a bigger lion than this in London -- '

"My vhat"
"Your ivories! Then ye'll have a dentist's bill to pay.
"A dentist's bill?" said Sinkers. "I didn't read about dot. I read der new law dot drug stores can't vork more as seventy hours a veek for der purpose of making a shorter succeeding veek on der aggregation of der consecutive vorking hours in a day for such days as are actually engaged in der performance of der service."
"If it's as bad as that," said Reilly, "they'll be given' dog licenses to factory inspectors."
"Und mebbe vorser," added Sinkers.
"Well," said Reilly, "there's a bill now afore the Assimbly to annind siction siven hundred av th' Penal Code which relates to imprisonment in reformatories. I have it in me inside pocket wid a lot av others. Here is what it says. Persons betwixt the ages av 16 an' 30, a male, who has never been convicted av anny crime, may, in the discreetion av th' coort be sintenced to imprisonment in the State reformatory, there to be confined at the discretion av th' coort." "Hoh," said Jack, "my father saw a kitten given to him by a man out West and the first thing he knew it grew up to be a lion and it was the biggest ever known. This lion would look like a baby beside it." "Oh. come off," said all the boys together.

Where is the lion? We've known you ever since you were a kid and we never saw it." "Oh. I don't mean lately: I mean when papa was a little boy. He sold the lion long ago." Just then some boys swept by the lion hous

on roller skates, and Sam, who was looking out said: "Phewee! See those kids go. I wish could skate as fast as that." "That's nothin'," said Jack. "I can skate twice as fast as that uphill, too.

"Why, Jack Holiday" said Tracy Ledyard. "You know your ankles are weak and you can't skate hardly any." Then it was that Sam made up his mind to see

is it when a man is not between 16"

"He's liable to get th' chair, said Reilly.
"Den I hope it don't pass der Senatorial," remarked the Sinker Man. "Dot vould be vorser
as der fishings bill, vouldn't it"

"I niver heerd av that," said Reilly. "Tell
me about it"

"Vell," continued Sinkers, "it says dot fish
shall not be fished for, caught or killed in der
vaters of Yanaica Bay nor shall der ocean be
obstructionated by fish lines vhich are in der hands
of men who are fishing fish.

"That doesn't prevent a man from catching
eels wid his hands," remarked Reilly. "Eels
ain't fish."

a new law to stop stabbing and murders on Sanday."

"Yes," replied Reilly, "and pinochle included."

"Dot yould make Wallensweber shut him's saloon Sunday cause he yould violation der law if he keep onen, said Sinkers. "Some laws yere only made for violation. Look at dot underground electric light. The law says all telegram holes in cities mit fifty million habitants must be put under ground, but I see telegram posts every night yet then I go home der sidevalk."

"That's the act to amend public buildings, rivers and trolley car fenders," remarked Reilly "It comes in wid the laws that makes it a misdemisde well, it's in the same chapter, annyhow, I suppose ye have heerd about the act to prevent the bremature burial ay human beings."

"Yhen did dot come out" asked the Sinker

prevent the premature burial av human beings?"

"Vhen did dot come out?" asked the Sinker Man.

"It's about to go to th' ninth readin' in th' Sinate," repired Reilly. "Listen, an' I'll read it to yens I have written it down:

"Sietion Wan' From an' after the first day av Septimber, year av our Lord, One Thousand, Nine Hundred, no human body of a human living being shall be buried alive in this State widout the approval av th' Boord av Health unless said human body has been in a state av. what furny words they do be puttin' in these bills "in a state av let hear gy, or coma, at the time av burial." Siction Two The aforesaid Boord shall have power to, will shall—and mebbe they will—and must make said investigation siven days after burial." Siction Ture. Anny person or persons so

must make said investigation siven days after burid.

"Siction Three Anny person or persons so interred in violation av this act shall be proven to have been pree maturely buried and shell be guilty av a mis-misdemeanor." Siction Foot Anny Person or persons, association or corporation engaged in the business av providing a ceme tery for the burnal av sich human livin being or beings widout first obtaining the consent av the said Boord, shall be liable to a fine av two tousand dollars, said sum to be said for by, and whim recovered, paid to, the said decensed. "Siction Fovre—This act shall not apply where the body any sich living person shall have been embalmed previous to burial." There, Sinkers, ye have it all." Cure all right. Good-by," and pointed to the door, and the boys all rushed out as boys do screaming and yelling for no reason in the world

except that they were in high spirits. The boys were exceedingly curious to see how the charm would effect the unconscious Jack, so Sam walked over to a very high elm and said: "I wish I could climb that."

"Pooh," said Jack. "I can shin to the top." In a second, very much to his surprise and disconfiture, he was shinning up that tree and never stopped to take breath until he had worn out his trousers at the knees and reached the top, both of which feats he accomplished at the same time.

boy. How to get down he did not know, nor could the boys suggest any way. A crowd began to gather. "Mercy on us! How did he get up there" It was a tree that would have been hard for a

But when he stopped he was a very scared

steeple Jack to climb, and how such an ordinary Jack as Jack had accomplished it no one no in the secret could tell. But there he was, and there he'd stay unless some one went for him. "Cut the tree down," said one man, for there are always people around who think no more of rees than they do of old shoes, but fortunately there were some there who knew how many years the tree had taken to climb as high as Jack had in a minute, and they said it would be better far

to cut Jack down than to harm the tree But by great good luck there was a boy in the crowd who had a box kite and he immediately flew it and the twine passed near enough for Jack to catch hold of it.

"Now," said Sam, "I bet I could slide down that twine in two shakes of a lamb's tail." "But I can do it in one shake," said Jack, and

he did, landing all right on the asphalt pave

The crowd cheered and dispersed and that was the end of lesson number one.

"You never had such an experience as the

before, did you, Jack" asked Sam. "Lots of times," answered Jack. "I told you was a tree climber."

"He isn't cured yet," whispered Tracy to Sam.

"Give him time," answered Sam. "Let's go down to the lake." So they all ran pell mell down to the lake, and there were the swan boats. "Those look hard

to manage. It's harder to run one of those that. t is to run a bike," said Sam. "Tain't either." said Jack, puffing out his lips "My father used to have those up on our lake in the country, and I can make 'em go faster

than those men can."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before the swan boats glided up to the wharf, the boatman jumped out and lifted Jack into the seat and he began to propel it around the lake. 19 will be understood that these are really water velocipedes and are worked by means of pedals that turn big paddles, so that any one who rides bicycle will know how to run one, although he may lack the requisite strength. But, for once, thanks to the magician, Jack's muscles were strong enough Round and round the lake he went at a speed that had never been witnessed before and that made him so dizzy that he would have been glad to stop, but he couldn't. The boys stood on the shore and cheered and jerred by turns. Then they fell to laughing as poor Jack raced around, his hair streaming to the wind, his hat in the bottom of the boat and his feet bobbing like corn in a popper.

At last he began to show signs of exhaustion and then quick-witted Sam called out: "Aahb, you can't stop. Bet I could stop in two minutes." "Bet I can stop right off," said Jack, and did so with a suddenness that threw him out of the boat upon a little island in the centre of the lake. The boatmen had been watching him with the greatest astonishment, and one of them rowed to the island in an ordinary boat and brought him to the mainland really exhausted.

"You're a wonder, boy," said the boatman "I never saw anyone go as fast as that---"That's nothing," said Jack, true to his instincts

You ought to see me wrestle." This remark made Sam afterward wonder whether he had not suspected that he had been enchanted and wanted to pay the boys back for playing such a trick on him.

playing such a trick on him.

At any rate as soon as he said it the weariness went from him, and he began to wrestle with Tracy and had thrown him inside of thirty seconds. He tackled Sam next and each boy in turn until there were ten boys lying winded on the grass, But he now found that he couldn't stop wrestling. A man and his wife came walking by and he are the boys and throw him in a fifty. The But he now found that he couldn't stop wresding. A man and his wife came walking by and he tackled the man and threw him in a fifty. Then, he set on a park policeman and threw him, and, when another policeman came along to his companion's aid he threw him.

But suddenly in the midst of his active exercise he dropped like a stone, white and breathless, Sam went to him and asked him what was the matter. "Oh, I don't know. I didn't want to climb nor run the swan boat, nor wrestle, but I just had to, and my heart feels as if it was going to stop."

just had to, and my to stop."

"Well, Jack, if you'll promise not to tell such horrible whoppers in future I think I can get you out of this fix."

"I bet I'll tell less whoppers than any boy in this crowd for the next year," said Jack in a weak you're. And the very next instant the magician stepped out of a tree trunk and said "Ramshanpingh-boomhbindarbrahmapootrah" backward, and Jack got up as fresh as a daisy.

But now the boys complain that he is very unsuperstant the standard of the

But now the boys complain that he is very winteresting, because no matter how much the exaggerate he only says; "My, I wish I could as well as that," but he never effers to tell the how much better he and his family could do ", 57C; SING SING'S PRINTING 64c.

Its History and Latest Product, 'tue "Star of Hope," a Prison Paper. Thirty-seven convicts are employed in the printing trade at Sing Sing and it is the most ineresting work in the State prisons. A few years ago, before Ferdinand Ward was liberated from Sing Sing, the Commissioners of Prisons established a printing office there on a small scale. where most of the small work required by the institution was turned out. The little press was operated day after day by the Napoleon of Finance. Some of the samples of his work are still to be found, laid away in the stock room of the printing and stationery department. The little press is no longer in use. It stands in a corner of the printing office and in its place are Walter Scott cylinder, two Universals and a big Gordon press, operated by electricity. Be forator and stapling machines and plenty of type. This plant was put in by ex-Warden Sage and the Prison Commissioners upon the recom the Asiatic and ask him if he could help him out.

He found him in the elephant house with a spluable investment. Printing is also done He found him in the elephant house with a a valuable investment. Printing is also done urban on his head and a shawl thrown over his on a small scale in the Clinton Prison at Danne-

mendation of Ferdinand Ward, and it has proved a valuable investment. Frinting is also done a valuable investment. Frinting is also done a valuable investment. Frinting is also done on a small scale in the Clinton Prison at Danner boys, and while Trace kept Jack out of hearing boys. And while Trace kept Jack out of hearing Sam said: "Are you a magician?"

"Yes." said the Aslatic, nodding his head up and down. "Me make magic. Get gold fish in hair, pull butterflies out of butter, pull rabbit out of vest vocket. Yes, me magic man."

"Good enough," said Sam. "You see we have a friend here who is a terrible—well, he doesn't know when he stelling a whopper and we thought that if you could give him a dose of magic that may be you could stop him."

You should have seen the giveful smile that appeared on the sober face of that Asiatic. He nodded his head so fast that Sam was afraid he'd break his neck and he said: "Oh, yes, me cure him. Me make him do what he say he do."

"That's it, said Sam. Then he added a little doubtfully." I don't want him hurt, you see, but we fellers are dead sick of hearing him say he can do this and that better than any one else, or that his father is richer than the President. He can't skate a little bit, and he says he can skate faster than any of us, and he hasn't any brother at all, but he says that his brother can play the cornet better than anybody in the big military bends."

"Me know that kind. In India, too. Call lem liars."

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THE MEN BEHIND THE BARS. THE MEN BEHIND THE BARS.
Written for the Star of Hope.
You may warble at your pleasure
Of the men behind the guns,
And we would not stint the measure
To Columbia's gallant sons;
But while you rear grand arches
And bedeck triumphal cars
We'll sing the lock-step marches
Of the men behind the bars.

"Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage," But they come all-fired near it In this comprehensive age: If you'd learn the truth about it, Lie awake and read the stars; Then, if still inclined to doubt it, Ask the men behind the bars.

For here are diamonds in the rough,
With hearts as fine as gold.
By the world hammered hard and tough
And into bondage sold:
Some who bore the flashing sabre
With our noble sons of Mars.
Are now condemned to labor
With the men behind the bars.

We're a striped band of brothers

We're a striped band to to so.

In this moral atmosphere,
But remember "there are others"
Who may yet find quarters here;
some, high stations are filling
Smoking Henry Clay cigars.
When they ought to be here drilling
With the men behind the bars.

AUBURN, 25,880.

Chasing a Brushless Fox. From the Baltimore Sun.

From the Baltimore Sun.

A meet of the Overland Hunt Club, scheduled for Saturday at the Valley Hotel on the Dulany's Valley pike, had, on account of bad footing, only four riders, including Dr. R. Percy Smith and John Guthrie. The hounds started a fox, but it had no tail and an argument arose as to how the rider was to be rewarded who was first in at the death. A tailless fox is popularly supposed to be slow of foot, but this one outran the hounds and got away after a chase of some miles, leaving the argument about the brush unsettled.